

## TAKE HEART.

Though fearful storms have swept in  
About thy tollsome, rugged path,  
And thou hast oftentimes been cast down  
And sore dismayed by Fortune's frown,  
Faint not, but bravely bear thy part,  
O fellow man; once more take heart.

The storm is followed by the calm,  
And winter gales by airs of balm.  
Dark night gives place to sun-bright day;  
Let hope still cheer thee on thy way,  
Beyond the cloud still shines the sun;  
Press on until thy work is done.

Perchance thou many times hast failed,  
Some weakness over thee prevailed,  
And thou hast faltered in the strife  
And sadly rued thy blighted life;  
Though great thy grief and keen thy pain  
O weary one, take heart again!

Dwell not upon thy mournful past,  
Arise, and for thy right stand fast;  
Be strong and brave, fold not thy hands,  
For thee still flows life's golden sands;  
To better things sweet voices call  
But God in love rules over all.  
—John Allen Guilford, in Boston Transcript.



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## CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Reassuring as he meant his words to be, Marshall Dean himself looked anxiously about at the unprotected walls. Not even the customary "dig-out" or underground refuge seemed to have been prepared. Almost every homestead, big or little, of those days, had its tunnel from the cellar to a dugout near at hand, stocked with provisions and water and provided with loopholes commanding the neighborhood, and herein the besieged could take refuge and stand off the Indians until help should come from the nearest fort. "The name of Folsom is our safeguard," said Mrs. Hal, in her happy honeymoon days, but that was before the mother told her of the threats of Burning Star or the story of the Ogalalla girl he vainly loved. "All that happened so long ago," she murmured, when at last the tale was told. But Hal should have known, if she did not, that even when it seems to sleep Indian vengeance is but gaining force and fury.

Presently Mrs. Hal came tripping forth again, a little carte de visite in her hand, a smile of no little significance on her lips. "Now, Mr. Dean, will you tell me what you think of that for a pappoose?"

And with wonderment in his eyes the young officer stood and held it and gazed.

There stood Pappoose, to be sure, but what a change! The little maiden with the dark braids of hair hanging far below her waist had developed into a tall slender girl, with clear-cut oval face, crowned by a mass of dark tresses. Her heavy, low-arching brows spanned the thoughtful deep, dark-brown eyes that seemed to speak the soul within and the beautiful face was lighted up with a smile that showed just a peep of faultless white teeth, gleaming through the warm curves of her soft, sensitive lips. The form was exquisitely rounded, yet supple and erect.

"Hasn't Jessie written you of how Nell has grown and improved?" said Mrs. Hal with a woman's quick note of the admiration and surprise in Dean's regard.

"She must have," was the answer, "I'm sure she has, but perhaps I thought it schoolgirl rhapsody—perhaps I had too many other things to think of."

"Perhaps you'll find it superseding these too many other things, Mr. Soldier Boy," was Mrs. Hal's mental comment. "Now, sir, if you've gazed enough perhaps you'll tell me your plans," and she stretched forth a reclaiming hand.

But he hung on to the prize. "Let me keep it a minute," he pleaded. "It's the loveliest thing I've seen in months."

And, studying his absorbed face, she yielded, her eyebrows arching, a pretty smile of feminine triumph about her lips, and neither noticed the non-commissioned officer hurrying within the gate, nor that half the men in "C" troop at their bivouac along the stream were on their feet and gazing to northeast, that far down the valley a horseman was speeding like the wind, that little puffs of smoke were rising from the crests of the grand landmark of the range and floating into the blue of the heavens. Both started to their feet at the abrupt announcement.

"Lieutenant, there are smoke signals on Lar'mie Peak."

## CHAPTER VII.

Lieut. Dean's orders required that he should march his troop without unnecessary delay to Fort Emory, there to take station relieving troop F, ordered to change to Frayne, which meant, in so many words, to take the field. Capt. Brooks, still wrestling with the fever, had retired to his quarters at the old frontier fort that stood so long on the bluffs overlooking the fords of the Platte. The surgeon said he must remain in bed at least a week, so meantime the troop packed up, sent its wagons ahead over the range, bade God speed to F as it passed through en route to the front, exchanged a volley of oath and chewing tobacco over the parting game of "freeze out" fought to a finish on many an outspread saddle blanket, then jogged on toward Gate City, making wide detour at the sug-

gestion of the field officer in command at Frayne, that they might scout the Laramie plains and see that all was well at Folsom's ranch. This detour was duly reported to the peppery veteran at Fort Emory, an old colonel whose command was by this time reduced from "headquarters, field, staff and band," six companies of infantry and four troops of cavalry to the band and two desperately overworked companies of foot. "Two nights in bed" were all his men could hope for, and sometimes no more than one, so grievous was the guard duty. Hence "old Pecksniff," his adjutant and quartermaster and his two remaining companies saw fit to take it as most unkind in Lieut. Col. Ford to authorize that diversion of Dean's, and highly improper on Dean's part to attempt it. By this time, too, there was in circulation at Emory a story that this transfer of C to interior lines and away from probable contact with the Sioux was not so much that it had done far more than its share of that arduous work, completely using up its captain, as that, new the captain was used up, the authorities had their doubts as to the "nerve" of the lieutenant in temporary command. A fellow who didn't care to come to Emory and preferred rough duty up along the Platte must be lacking in some essential particular, thought the women folk, and at the very moment that Marshall Dean sat there at Hal Folsom's ranch, as brave and hardy and capable a young officer as ever forded the Platte, looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to those days to come at Emory, with Jessie—Jessie and, of course, Pappoose—so close at hand in town, there was gaining ground at the post an impression that the safety of the board of officers sent to choose the site of the new Big Horn post had been imperiled by Dean's weakening at a critical moment in presence of a band of probably hostile Sioux. Burleigh had plainly intimated as much to his chief clerk and Col. Stevens, and when Loring and Stone came through a day or two later and questions were asked about that meeting, the aid-de-camp gave it as distinctly to be understood that he had practically assumed command, Dean's inexperience being manifest, and his own prompt measures had extricated the little detachment from a most delicate and dangerous position. The engineer, let it be said, did not hear this statement, and the aid was very careful not to make it in his presence. He was a comparative stranger, and as no one presumed to question him he volunteered no information.

Planning to bivouac until dawn of the next day at Folsom's, Dean had then intended to reach Fort Emory in three easy marches. He was anxious to bring his horses in in best possible condition, despite all their hard service; yet now, barely two o'clock on this hot June afternoon, came most unlooked-for, most importunate interruption to his plans. Springing to the gate at the sergeant's summons, he first directed his gaze to the distant peaks, recognized instantly the nature of the smoke puffs there rising, then turned for explanation to the swift-riding courier, whose horse's heels were making the dust fly from the sun-dried soil. One or two ranch hands, with anxious faces, came hastening over from the corral. The darky cook rushed up from the kitchen, rifle in hand. Plainly those fellows were well used to war's alarms. Mrs. Folsom, with staring eyes and dreadful anxiety in her face, gazed only at the hurrying courier, clinging the while to the pillar of the portico, as though needing support. The smoke puffs on the mountain, the dust-cloud back of the tearing rider were symptoms enough for Dean.

"Get in your herd, sergeant!" he shouted, at the top of his voice; and over the rushing of the Laramie his words reached the rousing bivouac, and saddle blankets were sent swinging in air in signal to the distant guards, and within a few seconds every horse was headed for home; and then, to the sound of excited voices was added the rousing thunder of scores of bounding hoofs, as, all in a dust-cloud of their own, the sixty chargers came galloping in, ears erect, eyes ablaze, nostrils wide, manes and tails streaming in the blaze, guided by their eager guards full tilt for camp. Out ran their riders, bridles in hand, to meet and check them, every horse when within a few yards of his master seeming to settle on his haunches and plow up the turf in the sudden effort to check his speed, long months of service on the plains and in the heart of Indian land having taught them in times of alarm or peril that the quicker they reached the guiding hand and bore, each, his soldier on his back, the quicker would vanish the common foe. Even before the panting steed of the headlong courier came within hailing distance of the ranch, half the horses in the troop were caught and the bits were rattling between their teeth; then, as the messenger tore along the gentle slope that led to the gateway, his wearied horse laboring painfully at the rise, Mrs. Folsom recognized one of her husband's herdsmen, a man who had lived long years in Wyoming and could be unnerved by no false alarm, and her voice went up in a shriek of fear as she read the tidings in his almost ghastly face.

"Where is Hal?" she screamed. "Oh, what has happened?"

"He's safe," was the answering call, as the rider waved a reassuring hand, but at the instant he bent low. "Thank God, you're here, lieutenant," he gasped. "Mount quick. Hal's corralled two miles out there under the butte—Sioux!" And then they saw that he was swooning, that the blood was streaming down the left thigh and leg, and before hand could help him, he rolled senseless, doubled up in the dust at his horse's feet, and the weary creature never even started.

"Saddle up, men!" rang the order

across the stream. And then while strong arms lifted and bore the wounded herdsman to the porch, Dean turned to the wailing mistress, who, white-faced and terror-stricken, was wringing her hands and moaning and running wildly up and down the walk and calling for some one to go and save her husband. Dean almost bore her to a chair and bade her fear nothing. He and his men would lose not a moment. On the floor at her feet lay the little card photograph, and Dean, hardly thinking what he did, stooped, picked it up and placed it in the pocket of his hunting shirt, just as the trumpeter on his plunging gray reached the gate. Dean's big, handsome charger trotting swiftly alongside. In an instant the lieutenant was in saddle, in another second a trooper galloped up with his belt and carbine. Already the men were leading into line across the stream, and, bidding the trumpeter tell Sergt. Shaughnessy to follow at speed, the young officer struck spur to his horse and, carbine in hand, a single trooper at his heels, away he darted down the valley. C troop, splashing through the ford a moment later, took the direct road past the stockade of the corral, disappeared from sight a moment behind that wooden fortification and, when next it hove in view, it was galloping front into line far down the Laramie, then once more vanished behind its curtain of dust.

"Two miles out there under the butte," was the only indication the young officer had of the scene of the fight, for fight he knew it must be, and even as he went bounding down the valley he recalled the story of the Indian girl, the threats of Burning Star, the vowed vengeance of her brothers. Could it be that, taking advantage of this raid of Red Cloud, far from all the reservations, far from possibility of detection by count of prying agents, the three had induced a gang of daring, devil-may-care young warriors to slip away from the Big Horn with them and, riding stealthily away from the beaten trails, to ford the Platte beyond the ken of watchful eyes at Fetterman and sneak through the mountain range to the beautiful, fertile valley beyond, and there lie in wait for Hal Folsom or for those he loved? What was to prevent? Well they knew the exact location of his ranch. They had fished and sported all about it in boy days—days when the soldiers and the Sioux were all good friends, days before the mistaken



He waved a ragged object on high.

policy of a post commander had led to an attack upon a peaceful band, and that to the annihilation of the attacking party. From that fatal day of the Grattan massacre ten years before, there had been no real truce with the Sioux, and now was opportunity afforded for a long-plotted revenge. Dean wondered Folsom had not looked for it instead of sleeping in fancied security.

A mile nearer the butte and, glancing back, he could see his faithful men come bounding in his tracks. A mile ahead, rising abruptly from the general level, a little knoll or butte jutted out beyond the shoulders of the foothills and stood sentinel within three hundred yards of the stream. On the near—the westward-side, nothing could be seen of horse or man. Something told him he would find the combatants beyond—that dead or alive, Hal Folsom would be there awaiting him. A glance at the commanding heights and the ridge that connected it with the tumbling, wooded hills to the north, convinced him that at that moment some of the foe were lurking there, watching the westward valley, and by this time they knew full well of the coming of the cavalry to the rescue. By this time, more than likely, they were scurrying off to the mountains again, returning the way they came, with a start of at least two miles.

"With or without the coveted scalps?" he wondered. Thus far he had been riding straight for the butte. The road wound around and disappeared behind him, but there was no sense in following the road. "Pursue and punish," was the thing to be done. Surely not more than a dozen were in the band, else that courier could never have hoped to get in, wounded as he was. The Indians were too few in number to dare follow to the ranch, guarded as, by almost God-given luck, it happened to be through the unlooked-for presence of the troops. No, it was a small band, though a daring one. Its lookout had surely warned it by this time of his coming, and by this time, too, all save one or two who rode the fleetest ponies and lingered probably for a parting shot at the foremost of the chase, had scampered away behind the curtain of that ridge. Therefore, in long curve, never checking his magnificent stride, Dean guided his bounding bay to the left—the north-east—and headed for the lowest point of the divide.

And then it all occurred to him too that he was far in front of his men, too far to be of use to them and just

far enough to be an easy prey for the lurking foe. Then, too, it occurred to him that he must not leave the ranch unprotected. Already he was within long rifle range of the height; already probably some beady eye was glancing through the sights, and the deadly tube was covering him as he came bounding on. Three hundred yards more and his life probably wouldn't be worth a dollar in confederate money, and wisely the young leader began to draw rein, and, turning in saddle, signaled to his single companion, laboring along one hundred yards behind, to hasten to join him. Presently the trooper came spurting up a swarthy young German, but though straining every nerve, the troop was still a mile away.

"Ride back, Wegner, and tell the sergeant to take ten men around that side—the south side of the bluff," and he pointed with his hand; "the rest to come straight to me."

Oh, well was it for Dean that he checked his speed, and as the young dragoon went sputtering back, that he himself drew rein and waited for the coming of his men. Suddenly from far out along the ridge in front, from the very crest, there leaped a jet or two of fire and smoke. Two little spurts of dust and turf flew up from the prairie sod a dozen yards in front, a rifle bullet went singing off through the sunny air, Rabb, his handsome bay, pawed the ground and switched about, and up on the crest, riding boldly in full view, two lithe, naked, painted warriors, war bonnets trailing over their ponies' croups, yelling shrill insult and derision, went tearing away northward, one of them pausing long enough to wave some ragged object on high and give out ringing, exultant whoop ere he disappeared from view.

"It's a scalp, lieutenant," shouted the foremost sergeant as he came up to join his chief. "They've got one, anyhow."

"Come on, then, and we'll get it back," was the only answer, as with nearly thirty troopers stringing out behind them, the two launched out in chase.

[To Be Continued.]

## QUIETED THE INDIANS.

Bishop Whipple's Method of Subduing Refractory and Rebellious Braves.

Most interesting is Bishop Whipple's account of the manner in which he once prevented an Indian outbreak, says H. B. Merwin, in Atlantic. "Courteousness of speech," he says, "is a marked characteristic of the Indian. It is an act of great rudeness to interrupt another, and the last words of every speech are: 'I have done.' Knowledge of this fact once enabled me to settle a serious difficulty. The Indians at Leech Lake had heard—as was the fact—that the government had sold all their pine without their knowledge and consent. An uprising was imminent, and the Indians had already killed the government cattle. Bishop Whipple was requested by the president to go to Leech Lake and negotiate with the Indians. 'It was in the dead of winter, the thermometer below zero, and the snow deep. It was a journey of 75 miles through the forest, and it took us three days to reach the lake. The Indians came to their council in paint and feathers, angry and turbulent.' Flatmouth, their chief, made a violent speech, to which the bishop replied briefly, as follows: 'I shall tell you the truth. It will not be pleasant to my red brother. When you killed those cattle, you struck the Great Father in the face. When you stole those goods, you committed a crime. I am not here to tell you what the Great Father will do. He has not told me. If he does what he ought to do, he will arrest those who have committed this crime, if it takes 10,000 men.'

"As I expected," the bishop relates, "the chief was very angry, and, springing to his feet, began to talk violently. I folded my arms and sat down. When he paused, I said quietly: 'Flatmouth, are you talking, or am I talking? If you are talking, I will wait till you have finished; if I am talking, you may wait till I have finished.' The Indians all shouted: 'Ho! ho!' Their chief had committed a great breach of courtesy toward me, their friend."

"Overwhelmed with confusion, Flatmouth sat down, and I knew that the ground was mine. I then told them that when I heard of the pine sale I wrote to Washington and protested against it; that I went to the man who bought the pine, and told him that I should oppose the sale and carry the matter into the courts."

## Got What He Asked For.

"So you are looking for a position," said the merchant to the youth with high collar and noisy necktie. "What can you do?"

"Oh, any old thing," replied the young man. "Of course, I don't expect the junior partnership at the start, but I want to be sure of an early rise."

"Very well," replied the merchant, "I'll make you assistant janitor. You will rise at four o'clock every morning and sweep the floors." — Collier's Weekly.

## His Ambition Crushed.

Wearry Wraggles—Why so sad, Lonesome? Lonesome Samy—Dis paper says a man vot's born in a foreign country can't never be president of de United States.

## Well, what of it?

"Dat wuz de one job I've allus be'n lookin' for 'ard ter!" — N. Y. World.

## Evidence of Advancing Years.

Jones—I must be getting old. Smith—Legs getting stiff, or eyes getting bad? Jones—No; but I'm beginning to like to read statistics.—Chicago Record.



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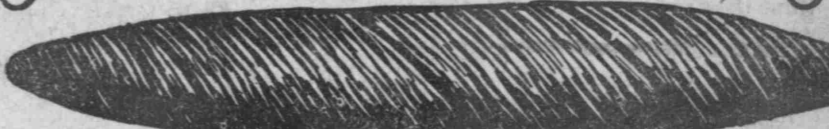
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